

116

THE
A L B U M
OF
STREATHAM;
OR,
MINISTERIAL AMUSEMENTS.

[Price Two Shillings and Six-pence.]



THE
A L B U M
OF

K. STREATHAM;

OR,

MINISTERIAL AMUSEMENTS.
AN AUTHENTIC EDITION.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

THE BULSE;
A PINDARIC ODE:

J E K Y L L;
AN ECLOGUE:

AND

THE JOURNAL OF THE RIGHT HON.
HENRY DUNDAS.

TUNE POTES DULCES, INGRATE, RELINQUERE NUGAS?
DIC MIHI, QUID MELIUS DESIDIOSUS AGES? MARTIAL.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

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ADVERTISEMENT.



THE first idea of the following production suggested itself to the Editor, in the late interval, when the "dreadful notes of preparations" and loud threats of hostility had been suddenly terminated by mutual concession, and succeeded by a torpid silence. To the general question at that time, "What are the Ministry doing?" it was constantly replied---that they were amusing themselves after their recent fatigues. Whether the Amusements here set down for them, will be considered as appropriate, the Editor will not presume to determine; but no proof of more serious application can, in his opinion, be produced---from any measure which they have since brought forward.

That

That the following EXTRACTS have in their outline such a resemblance to the celebrated Critiques of the Rolliad, as to subtract from their claims to originality, the Editor will freely confess. But whilst he owns his obligations there, he deems it also necessary to add, that from the introduction of other characters, and of topics of ridicule which have since arisen, there will be found a sufficient variety in the Colouring. The sketches of both are not infrequently drawn from the same objects ; but those are now placed in other points of view ; and---pursuing the Metaphor,---the difference of Pencil will no doubt be easily discernible.

For the liberties which are here taken, our Predecessors in the same line, have, in addition to the benefit of an example not pursued with equal steps, bequeathed us the plea of prescription. We therefore---

*fore---for the Author and the Sovereign now equally
use the plural number---do hereby command even those
concerned, to smile---where they can.----If not, the
Resentment shall be theirs, and the Smile shall be
our own.*

FEB. 20, 1788.

(IV)

THE
HISTORY
OF
THE
CITY
OF
BOSTON
FROM
1630
TO
1830
BY
JOHN
B. HENNING

T H E

A L B U M:

O R,

MINISTERIAL AMUSEMENTS.



DURING the late bustle---the most awful, we are assured from *undoubted* authority---that ever agitated these realms; when Ministers, with unheard-of sagacity, were employed in defeating the machinations of our foes, before they had existence, and overturning plans, of which no political microscope has yet discovered the *Embrio*,----Mr. *Steele's* hospitable Mansion at STREATHAM assumed a complexion not at all agreeing with the festivity of its owner. It was there, that, in defiance

B of

of the *Proclamation*, each sabbath was spent in debate; it was from thence, that *dispatches* were *dispatched* without number, and without end, until Ministers had accomplished their own *wise* purposes, in a manner peculiar to themselves, and, to use an appropriate line of the late Dr. *Johnson*,

Had killed the yet *unanimated* young.

These important concerns, however, being at an end;---and *Gallic faith* being bound up to its propriety, in declarations and counter-declarations of the strongest parchment, it became necessary to seek an interval of relaxation.---Mr. *Dundas* was the first to propose a freer circulation of the bottle; but this proposition was strenuously opposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, on account of the danger of *nocturnal* travels; and as strongly by the Solicitor General, lest, by any unfortunate accident, he should be betrayed from his usual *consistency*. The Attorney General declared himself inclined to neither side; upon which Mr. *Martin* cast a shrewd glance on Mr. *Arden's nose*, and laughed very heartily. Mr. Alderman *Wilkes* reminded the company of the *decorous* example which it was necessary for them to set to his Majesty's subjects;---but Mr. *Beaufoy* terminated the contest, by rising to address the company in that graceful manner so peculiar

culiar to himself. Having composed his countenance---moulded his *chapeau* into the size of a tennis-ball---and disposed of his legs in such a manner, that one might not run away from the other---after an exordium of only half an hour, he assured them, “ that he was *experimentally* convinced of the dangers of the measure proposed by the Treasurer of the Navy; and that nothing but a total abstinence from wine, could exempt that *body politic*---which the nation so deservedly held dear---from the morbid humours arising from its *deleterious* qualities.”

His Grace of *Richmond* next proposed, that the company should attend him into the meadow at the bottom of the garden, where, with their assistance, he offered to erect a model in clay, by which he would demonstrate, that, with his newly-invented redoubts, a garrison of 5000 men could defend themselves for a given time against a force superior, by as many hundreds.---It is impossible for us to say, how this proposal would have been received, as, in that instant, the Right Hon. Mr. *Cornwall* was observed to make a number of wry faces, occasioned, as he said, by a violent *cholic*. The blue room was instantly ordered to be aired, for the venerable invalid; and in order to bring a speedier slumber to his relief, Major *Scott* was directed to

attend him, and to read over his comments on the Preface to *Bellendenus*.

Mr. *Grenville* then mentioned the excessive fatigue which he had undergone in pursuing the *French* Minister---who was pursuing the *French* King---who was pursuing the cock pheasants round his hunting-seat. He therefore declared himself incapable of any violent exercise, and only proposed a game at *Cribbage*, to which Mr. *M. A. Taylor* having assented, they retired together to the little parlor for that purpose.

Col. *Barre*---being desirous that some mode of recreation should be adopted, in which it would be possible for him to participate, expressed his wish, that, being seated together, each person should tell a story in turn. This proposal was very strongly seconded by Sir *Geo. Howard*, who promised, if it was adopted, to enrich his *narrative* with a great number of *royal bon mots* ;---yet the proposition was strongly resisted by Mr. *Dundas*, who declared, that having lately heard so many *Oriental Tales*, he was absolutely sickened by the idea ;---and Lord *Sydney*, mentioning also that some sneers might be cast on the amusement, as only fit for *old Women*, the Colonel gave a nod of negligence, and went quietly to sleep.

After

After a few minutes spent in farther hesitation by the rest of the company, Mr. *Steele* suggested, as a more eligible mode of amusement than any that had yet been offered, that an *Album* should be immediately opened; to which each person present, and every future visitor, should be solicited to commit some *poetical* effusion of the moment. They could perhaps promise themselves, he said, as much *variety* as filled the vase at *Bath Easton*, with as much *sublimity* as appears at the *Album* at Sir *W. F-----n's*. At all events, it was certain, that such a number of *curious originals* might be procured by this means, as would not only beguile the present moment, but would even expand the ideas, and enrich the collections, of posterity.

This proposal,---through complaisance to their Host, we must suppose, for we cannot think that any thing like *vanity* could have influence in so august an assembly,---was assented to by every individual present; and the eagerness with which the task was pursued, being in proportion to its novelty, the *Album*, in three or four days, was nearly filled. It was not at first intended, that this collection should be made public. It was fixed, on the contrary, that the *modest muse* of Mr. *Dundas*, and the *chaste* inspirer from whom the *Premier* caught his flame, should together hide their heads in secrecy.

It

It was even cruelly determined, that the *eloquence* of Mr. *Martin*---the *wit* of Sir *Joseph Mawbey*---the *brief epigrams* of Major *Scott*---and the *attic strains* of Lord *Sydney*---should be for ever lost to the world. But from our first knowledge, that such a treasure existed, our efforts to obtain a view were unremitting, and---we are happy to add---that they have been successful. We shall therefore now present our readers with a few “EXTRACTS from the ALBUM at STREATHAM,” curtailed only in those parts which the haste of the Noble and Honorable writers may have rendered unequal to the rest, or which allude to such *jokes*, as, though laughable in the circle where they originated, might probably fail of exciting a smile, if communicated to the public eye.

EXTRACTS

E X T R A C T S,

No. II.

F R O M T H E

A L B U M at S T R E A T H A M.

WHEN, in consequence of Mr. *Steele's* proposal, and the general determination, the ALBUM was produced, a degree of anxious diffidence appeared in every face.----Mr. *Dundas*----though posterity will scarcely believe it---was observed to blush;---Mr. *Rolle* hid his face behind the *round hat*, of oratorical notoriety; upon which Mr. *Drake*, jun. in a speech which lasted one minute and thirty-five seconds, remarked on the difficulty of the task, and concluded with his usual happiness of quotation, by reciting the line from *Virgil*.

Opstupuī, fletērantque comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit.——

The remarkable volume, which lay on the table, it appeared, had been originally intended for entering the vast amount of ministerial savings, and for
noting

noting the arithmetical progression, in which they should hasten---to extinguish one debt by creating another.---It was now, on the contrary, to be more innocently employed in receiving *fictions* of another kind, and taken from the *Epic* task of bold imposition, to the *Pastoral divertissements* of mutual compliment or general adulation.

Mr. *Pitt* was first called on to favour the company with the effusions of his muse: but hastening *in medias res*, we shall omit to tell---how with reluctant modesty he declined the precedence---and how with proportioned urgency they insisted on his right;---how with meek diffidence the Premier at length took up the pen;---and how with a voice, sweet as one of *Longman* and *Broderip's Celestinis*, Lord *Mulgrave* whispered his congratulations on the occasion.---It will be sufficient for us to communicate the following extracts from this inestimable performance, accompanied by a hope, that in some future edition we may be enabled to lay the whole before our readers.

O D E.

Awake ! awake ! some virgin muse,
 And kindred energies infuse ;
 Pure as this spotless page must be the strain,
 Which to th'expecting croud
 Shall speak our joys aloud,
 For PEACE restor'd,
 Not by the sword,
 But by our councils, in snug sapience plann'd ;
 For hostile machinations crost,
 For PEACE restor'd—ere it was lost,
 To bless—at small expence—this happy land.

In a strain of grateful humility, he then proceeds, after some general congratulation, to compliment very highly the exertions of his coadjutors on this trying occasion.---The truth of the following lines, we make no doubt, will be admitted instantly by every reader :

Of pow'rs congenial—for each other form'd,
 And by an equal flame of genius warm'd,
 When *Sydney's* labours meet the loud acclaim,
 Then shall *Carmarthen* share the meed of fame ;
 When *Mulgrave's* praise shall sound from ev'ry tongue ;
 Then shall *Dundas's* purity be sung ;
 And *Arden* and *Macdonald*,—honor'd pair !
 Living or dead, a kindred praise shall share.
 So when my *Grenville's* parts shall fill the strain,
 Their eulogy shall *Hawkebury's* virtues gain.

This beautiful Antistrophe he then concludes with infinite modesty.

With humble note—with more obscure regard,
 Then shall my labours find a full reward,
 When future ages all our deeds shall scan,
 And speak of each—as MINISTER and MAN!

In a digression of about a hundred lines, he then, as if gaining confidence from his association with such *respected* names, dwells with considerable force on the terrors of the *French* cabinet, the alarms of *Spain*, and the general convulsion of *Europe*, during the late memorable negociation. Speaking of the situation of *Holland*, he uses a most sublime simile, comparing the perturbation of their spirits to the waves that foam after an inundation from one of their sluices, when

Borne by the rushing tide,
 Their * drunken hopes all chang'd to stern despair,
 The MYNHEERS see their chattels floating wide,
 And beat their breasts, and tear their hair,
 And curse their fated shore
 For watry ruin mark'd—for dark plottings more.

Returning from this digression to scenes less distant, the Right Honorable Poet seems to have caught new fire.---To those who are well acquainted with

* Was the hope *drunk*, wherein you drest yourself?

with his abilities, this circumstance will appear by no means strange, as they must frequently have observed, that nothing so powerfully calls forth the effervescence of his Genius, as his being indulged in speaking for half an hour, on a business no way pertinent to the subject in hand.---Such was the fire which suddenly kindling, dictated the following bold Apostrophe :

Now strike the lyre again
 A louder——yet a louder strain,
St. Stephen's opes its venerable doors !
 I see the hostile phalanx move,
 Their firm-set strength to prove ;
 But soon the event shall prove their contest vain.
 ---First, my *Beaufoy*, his skill to try,
 On Dulness' chords his hands shall lay ;
 Pleas'd with the sound, he knows not why,
 His strains complacently shall lead the way.
 In order due, then next shall *Martin* rise,
 Whilst Folly jingles all her bells ;
 Thro' the long period still he tries,
 And on the monstrous *Coalition* dwells,
 Till sense repugnant flies the sound,
 And sombrous vapours fill the Dome around.
 Thy speech too, *Grenville*, still to nought is fix'd,
 Sad proof of thy disorder'd state,
 Of differing themes, the veering jargon mix'd,
 Calls general Pity for thy hapless fate.
 Then next *Dundas*, his eyes on fire,
 Wak'd by a thousand secret stings,
 On *India's* woes shall touch the lyre,
 Till sympathy resound from all its strings.

Whilst *Mulgrave* sad, as fix'd Despair,
 In fullen strains his grief beguiles ;
 The solemn, strange and mingled air
 At times is dull—at times he grimly smiles,

The Poet then proceeds, with the same happiness of discrimination, to characterize the other less distinguished supporters of the present administration :---after complimenting each on his genius, sagacity, &c. or the inferior, but not less useful qualities of Intrepidity of face, or callous Insensibility to argument, he concludes with the following exhortation :

Then each, my friends, pursue his separate course,
 A certain victory it is yours to gain,
 On souls like yours—all reasoning loses force,—
 To powers like yours—all *Opposition's* vain !

Some Hypercritics may perhaps object to the freedom with which Mr. *Pitt*, in this spirited Ode, has treated some of his friends and intimates.---But they are to recollect, in the first place, that the piece in question was by no means designed for publication ; and in the second, they should know that such is the *Amor Patriæ* which actuates our Premier, that when the *public good* is in question, he makes no scruple of acting in concert with persons, whose principles and abilities he holds in equal and professed contempt !

EXTRACTS

E X T R A C T S,

No. III.

F R O M T H E

A L B U M at S T R E A T H A M.

WHEN Mr. *Pitt* had received the general congratulations for the excellent Ode with which he had honored the ALBUM:---The truly *illustrious* Lord *Hawkeſbury* was called on to favor the company with a specimen of his poetic powers ; but in the instant, whilst he was preparing to comply, a violent blast was heard from a Sow-gelder's horn, which excited a momentary laugh ; and immediately after, by a strange concurrence of circumstances, Sir *Joſeph Mawbey* was announced !

A propoſal was then made by Mr. *Steele*, that as the firſt viſitor, the Baronet ſhould have the precedence, and he was accordingly informed of the nature of the inſtitution, and of the compliment intended him.---Sir *Joſeph* roſe, with his uſual grace,
to

to make a speech on the occasion, but, as he drew forth his handkerchief, scented with *Mosenau's* best lavender water, he unfortunately fished from his pocket, the engraver's *bill* for etching the curious portrait of the honorable baronet, which embellishes the front of the *European Magazine*.---The paper was picked up by Mr. *Dundas*, who archly observed to Sir *Joseph*, as he returned it, that it wanted a *receipt*.

This perverse accident, which would have discomposed any other than the grave Baronet, had no effect whatever on the solemnity of his countenance; it, on the contrary, furnished a subject for his muse, who, after a labour of one hour, forty-five minutes, and eleven seconds, by the Baronet's own stop-watch, brought forth the following very brilliant and epigrammatic stanzas:

THE Honors some deride of Fame,
And scorn the whistling of a name;
With others still she finds regard,
And forms their hope and their reward.
So when I'm dead—or else retir'd,
In *Copper* be this face admir'd;
And by the graver's art still seen;
—Fit index of the mind within!
Thus, SYDNEY, when thy toils are o'er,
When rank and office are no more,

Ap-

Appropriate honors crown thine head,
 And be thy form rever'd—in *Lead*.——
 So DUNDAS, when his powers are wither'd,
 And when he's to his fathers gather'd,
 When all his *honour'd* days shall pass,
 Shall live in monumental——*Brass*,
 Nor, GRENVILLE, shall thy fame expire,
 Thy great, *vast* head shall all admire;
 For when thy glorious race is run,
 And thy *Negotiations* done,
 As high in fame, as high in blood,
 Thy beauteous bust shall smile——in *Wood*.
 And when their friends their loss shall grieve,
 In *Bronze* shall SCOTT and ARDEN live.
 ——Dull Epitaphs may then be spar'd,
 The worth of each may be inferr'd,
 Whilst History's bright page shall tell,
 What feats we did——and *etc* how well.
 And,——such th'extent of mortal pride,——
 How we were born——and how we dy'd.

The poetic beauties of the above delicious *morceaux*
 must be too evident to the reader of taste to require
 any comment.---We shall only observe with what
 amazing coolness and Stoicism the Baronet speaks of
 his own *death*;---an event which would doubtless fill
 every lover of his country with inconsolable affliction.
 The Borough of *Southwark* would mourn that elo-
 quence which enforced the *mild* authority of the
Surry justices, and charmed all hearers---at Quarter
 Sessions;---*Vauxhall* would mourn that Wit which
 cheered

cheared its walks, and that Dignity which was so frequently the ornament of its Bar *;---nay, even the envious *Dog* and *Duck* must mourn the loss of that Worth which has so greatly contributed to the essential interests of Religion and Morality---by silencing its organ!

We cannot forbear to remark also, with what a happy delicacy the Baronet adverts to the late important negotiations of the Right Hon. Mr. *Grenville*.---The *plural* number very neatly implies that the above will not remain a *single* exertion of his diplomatic talents, but that such was his address and dexterity, that his grateful country may place the most secure reliance on him on every future occasion.----The genius of the POET, in this instance, can only be equalled by that of the NEGOCIATOR.

We should not omit to add, that Mr. *Dundas* made some objections to the word "*eke*," which occurs towards the conclusion of this beautiful poem, as being in his opinion too antique;---but Mr. Alderman *Wilkes*, who, since the late proclamation

* Though the Hon. Baronet has too great a respect to the admonitions of his Lady, and too strong an aversion to the profligacy of the age, to venture his person in the *Walks*; yet he so constantly takes his situation at the *Bar*, that he has been more than once mistaken for *Purveyor* of the *Ham* and *Chickens*.

mation, never goes without a Bible in his pocket, produced from the Version of the Psalms such a number of passages where it was used, that he not only silenced the cavil, but also shamed that *infidel* want of recollection, which the Treasurer of the Navy had betrayed, in making the exception.

This discussion being ended, Lord *Hawkesbury* was again called on, but his Lordship requesting to be indulged with more time, several others offered themselves :---When the voice of Mr. *Drake*, jun. being particularly *in Alt*, he obtained an immediate attention. He was proceeding to address himself to Mr. *Pitt*, beginning his speech with these lines from *Horace*,

Cum tot sustineas, et tanta negotia solus,
Res Britannas armis tueris, moribus ornes—

but was informed by Mr. *Steele*, that his speech would be dispensed with on this occasion; upon which this young Orator, who may justly be stiled “the *classical* Hope of *Britain*,” sat down, and produced the following lines:

R E C I T A T I V E.

Begin, begin the strain my Muse!
Nec satis scio—what I yet shall chuse,
Whether to sing of great St. *Stephen's* wars,
Where syllogisms take the place of scars.

D

Or

Or thank the Gods—*pro jam secura pace*,
 Tho' Whigs, still boding evil, would out-face ye.

Yes! — *Eloquence* shall claim the Song,
 For which the young politic sinners long,
 Who want some wary friend to tell 'em,
 What dire heart-burnings thence arise,
 What breasts convuls'd! what ardent eyes,
Quas inimicitias et funebre bellum!

With thee, oh! PITT, my strains begin,
 Skilled *country Gentlemen* to win,
 By declamation fluent,
 Struck with the sound, with eager gaze,
 Thy thicken'd ranks shall pour their praise,
 —*Et in absurda ruent.*

Nor thou, *Dundas*, should'st pass unsung,
 Had but my wayward Muse the tongue,
 Or *Eloquence* to shew how,
 I still admire—"thy gift of speche,"
 And how I strive in vain to reach,
Τὸς λόγους ἔς ἀκρόα.

But, 'spite of Laughter's deaf'ning din,
 See poor * Sir GREGORY strive to win
 The Palm----of speaking well;
 But wiser WRAXALL knows 'tis true,
 And will aver it—*Que le jeu*,
Ne vaut pas la chandelle

To

* The influence of *Nervous Affections* of late is truly wonderful, of which the case of Sir G. P. Turner is an instance. We must declare in contradiction to *all* the newspapers, that no mem-

To learn from *Mulgrave*, then I'll try,
 Silent t'attend, with downcast eye
 To speeches, till I'm weary ;
 Or check *Beaufoy*, when language mincing,
 'Till haply I at length convince him
 ———*Quæ virtus sit filere.*

The applauses which Mr. *Drake* received for this equally learned and witty *jeu d'esprit*, will, we are certain, be echoed by all our readers, without exception.---The advantages which this gentleman derives from thus mixing the flowers of every language, as well in his vernacular Poetry, as in his Parliamentary Declamation, are so obvious, that we are not without a hope to see this style, both shortly and universally adopted.

member cons his speeches better ; and yet, the effect of the bagpipe on the human urine, is absolutely nothing to the sympathy which appears between the vocal organs of the Hon. Baronet, and the risible muscles of his hearers.

TRANSLATIONS

For the Benefit of COUNTRY GENTLEMEN.

Nec satis scio—I am not quite determined.

Pro jam secura pace—for peace which is now secured.

Quas inimicitias et funebre bellum—what enmity and what dreadful warfare.

Et in absurda ruent,—and then be as *absurd* as you can wish them.

Τας λόγους ἃς ἀκούω,—the Discourses which I hear.

Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle—the Game is not worth the candle—i. e. great labour is expended on a worthless object.

Quæ virtus sit filere—what virtue is in silence.

EXTRACTS

E X T R A C T S,

No. IV.

FROM THE

A L B U M at S T R E A T H A M.

THE applauses which were bestowed on Sir *Joseph Mawbey*, and Mr. *Drake*, jun. for their respective *Jeux d'Esprit*, inserted in the last number, it would surpass our limits to enumerate.---Mr. *Wilkes*, however, speaking of the *quotations* of the latter, mentioned, in his usual sarcastic manner, something of the *purpureus pannus*; but Sir *Watkin Lewes*, on the contrary, in the true spirit of a city joker, compared them to so many *plumbs* in a *pudding*.

These comments were interrupted by three formal knocks at the door, after which his Grace the Duke of *Richmond* entered the room, accompanied by his confidential friend, Mr. *James Luttrell*. His Grace then presented to Mr. *Steele* his contribution for
the

the ALBUM, but with such a reluctant condescension as the *Irish Giant* may be supposed to exhibit in stooping to play at *marbles*.---He then, in a manner equally *gracious*, proceeded to inform him, that his friend had lent his assistance to the composition, by answering the questions which his Muse had dictated, in the manner of an *echo* from a distant part of the chamber!---This singular *duet* we have now the honor of laying before our readers.

O D E.

Not the Muse—but Memory come,
 Bring the spirit-stirring drum,
 And all the clangors of the war.
 For these—at *distance due*—I love to hear
 Let the fifes now shrilly sound,
 Let the chargers beat the ground ;
 Let *Mars* appear in his ensanguin'd car :
 Bring the trumpet's stern alarm —
 But ah!—for fear of harm —
 Pray bring them not too near.
 —And now my fated soul shall haste to pry
 Into the secrets of futurity,
 Would Inspiratiou haply come ?

Luttrell. — I come.

Say then shall *Cornwall's* vote still cross each scheme,
 And all my glorious plans but prove a dream.

Luttrell. — A dream.

Must

Must then ? ah ! must each proud erection fall——
 Bastions, redoubts—nay, counterscarps and all ?

Luttrell. —— Counterscarps and all.

And speak, shall *Pitt* o'erturn each bold design.

And but disgrace and vain command be mine ?

Luttrell. —— And mine.

Shall then no *walls* this fated isle defend,

And must her *Navy* prove her only friend ?

Luttrell. —— Her only friend.

First let Destruction, pouring forth her cup,

“ Confound and swallow *Navigation* up :”

Be all the winds untied to make foul weather,

“ And Nature's germins tumble all together !”

But—say, shall Landstown mock me with his smile,

Nor *Dundas* praise,—nor *Pitt* commend my toil ?

Luttrell. —— End thy toil.

We feel it impossible to describe, how, whilst this wonderful performance was read, his Grace sat ;---“ his eye in a fine phrenzy rolling !” And glancing, no doubt, over *ideal* castles, and visionary *chevaux de frize*---until he at last started up, and repeated with enthusiasm, those lines which he has partly borrowed from the immortal *Shakespeare*, in which action he unfortunately trod on the toe of Lord *Rawdon* ; but no sooner did his Grace perceive the accident, than---such is the force of *habitual politeness*,---his passion immediately subsided, and he begged pardon of the noble Peer with a readiness and an energy which no language but his own could express.

The

The comments and the eulogies on his Grace's ode were extremely numerous; the idea of introducing the *Echo* was in particular admired, as being highly poetic, beautiful, and uncommon.---The late Doctor *Johnson*, it was observed, used frequently to relate of an high personage,---that he teized him with a number of *multifarious* questions;---but then, added the Doctor, he had the complaisance to answer them all himself.---It was therefore suggested by the Duke of *Queensberry* to Sir *George Howard* to convey the mention of this *simple contrivance* to that personage; as, by thus *conversing* with an *Echo*, he might save himself the trouble of uttering, at least, the half of his discourse.

The other observations we shall, for the present, pass over, hastening forward, as our readers must do, when they are informed, that the next production came from the *erudite pen* of the most noble the Marquis of *Lansdown*, who, passing by accident, was called in by his old, and *grateful* pupil, Mr. *Pitt*, and prevailed on to honor the ALBUM with the following Ode to *Sincerity*; which we shall submit, without any comment, leaving our readers to decide both on its poetic beauties, and its *appropriation* to the well-known character of that Nobleman.

O D E.

ODE to SINCERITY.

NYMPH of the spotless robe, draw nigh,
 With breast still pervious to each eye,
 And charm me with thy pow'r:
 Long has my soul thy force confess'd,
 And still shalt thou remain its guest,
 —As fits the present hour.

Sweet Being! seldom found on earth,
 Thee have I worship'd from my birth,
 —Whene'er convenience suited;
 With doubtful tale, of varied hue,
 Still to the changing purpose true,
 These lips were ne'er polluted.

Thro' the dark wood, and mournful yews,
 With pensive step on thee I muse,
 Sequester'd from the croud:
 And were I forc'd to place and pow'r,
 Thee still I'd worship ev'ry hour,
 —When state affairs allow'd.

As bending 'fore thine honor'd shrine,
 Thy praise then, heav'n-born nymph! be mine,
 'Twill gain new store of credit;
 Tho' by the wreath that decks thy brow,
 Nay, by thy sacred self, I vow,
 —I scarce can think I need it.

So when in future times the bard,
 To each shall fix their due award,
 And *Eden's* truth relate ;
 When *Sydney's* eloquence is told,
 And *Hawkebury's* high descent enroll'd,
 As sapient as he's great :—

When *Fox's* want of candour's fung,
 And *Sheridan's* dull, powerless tongue ;
 The fame of *Burke* expir'd ;
 Then,—so immortal fates decree,
 Then I, sweet Nymph ! shall dwell with thee,
 And be with thee admired.

EXTRACTS,

E X T R A C T S,

No. V.

F R O M T H E

A L B U M at S T R E A T H A M.

NO sooner had the rolling wheels of the Marquis of *Lansdown's* carriage announced his departure, than the toil of criticism was begun. His ODE to SINCERITY, inserted in the last number of these *Extracts*, was received with much and various animadversion. The concluding compliment to the *eloquence* of Lord *Sydney*, and the *purity* of Mr. *Eden*, was particularly noticed. Some contended that it was *literally* meant; while others, knowing the peculiar *forte* of the noble Marquis, received it as a specimen of his incomparable *irony*. The dispute was referred to Mr. *Wilkes*, who, taking in the whole room with a *single glance*, saw which way the majority were inclined, and therefore declared it to be as literal truth---as ever the noble Marquis had spoken on a *public* occasion.

Par nobile fratrum! exclaimed Mr. Drake, jun. at this instant; when the company turning round, saw Lord *Hawkesbury* and Mr. *Grenville* enter hand in hand, bearing their joint contribution to the ALBUM.---A momentary smile took place on observing a strange contrast in the appearance of this poetic pair.---The one “A muse-rid mope, adust, and thin,” the other chubby, robust and corpulent, particularly towards the *lower extremities*. The latter appeared like a well-fed Banker’s Clerk; the former like an apprehensive Poet presenting a dedication to a surly patron. But passing over any farther description, we shall hasten to present their highly valued communication, in the following Dialogue:

Hawksb. Ye swains of *Windsor*’s heights begin the song,

Grenv. Ye nymphs around *Whitehall* attune the lay;

H. To courtly themes still courtly strains belong,

G. With such we celebrate this festive day.

H. Say, shall we sing of Royal G — ’s praise?

Or shall we make *ourselves* the dearer theme?

G. Thro’ him we rose—more grateful shall it seem,

To him the panegyric song to raise.

HAWKESBURY.

From G —, my strain begins, whose actions bold,

Shall fill each ear—wherever they are told;

From G —, Compassion’s meek and general heir,

Whose Sheep and Subjects are his equal care.

GREN-

GRENVILLE.

Me, too, he favors—he my muse inspires,
And from her lips the thankful verse requires;
Yet would she rise on *twice* as bold a wing,
If MULGRAVE had not equal cause to sing.

HAWKESBURY.

Me, RICHMOND still with glance indignant eyes,
When in the House, from crimson'd seat I rise;
But vain th'indignant glance on me shall prove,
While cheer'd by Royal Confidence and Love.

GRENVILLE.

See, BURGESS court for HASTINGS' fallen state,
Whilst SCOTT and NICHOLLS their dull tale repeat;
And humbled IMPEY bows with distant pray'r,
That Impudence, like mine, should be my care.

HAWKESBURY.

If thankless for these favors e'er I feel,
Let ingrate friends each secret art reveal,
Let me be mock'd by mutes I now despise,
Nay, more—in my defence let ARDEN rise?

GRENVILLE.

If e'er Ingratitude this bosom sways,
May BURKE impeach me,—or may DUNDAS praise;
May I be stript of perquisite and place,
And curs'd with MARTIN's wit and MULGRAVE's face.

Of

Of the striking beauties of this production we shall only remark how happily the compliment is paid in the third stanza to the *pastoral* character of the great personage alluded to. His expanded mind, it is well known, can readily pass from adjusting a *subsidy*, to regulate the price of *skimmed milk*; and from settling regimental *linings*, and *pocket-holes*, with a first Lord of the Admiralty, can pass by an easy transition, to enquire the price of a poppy-coloured *ribbon*:---We must suppose, however, that it was merely the necessity of the metre, which in the passage above mentioned, caused the noble Poet to place the *sheep* before the *subjects*.

It may also be necessary to remark on the delicate accuracy of calculation with which Mr. *Grenville*, in the fourth stanza, insinuates a complaint, that he is only *joint* Pay-master of the forces; and his spleen against the noble Lord who shares that office, seems again to break out in the last line by the mention of a face so much resembling the once celebrated *Heidegger*, of deformed memory.

We shall now pass over some other compositions, which are not distinguished by any prominent feature, to take notice of the production of an Honorable Baronet, who has lately given so much exercise to the risibility of the House of Commons;
and

and we make no doubt, but much curiosity will be excited when we mention the name of Sir GREGORY PAGE TURNER.

O D E.

OH! thou who rul'st the parts of speech,
Noun, Adjective and Verb—come teach
My fault'ring tongue to join 'em.
Or if that boon I can't obtain,
Let not the pray'r prove quite in vain,
Say—whence shall I purloin 'em!

Goddeſs of Eloquence attend,
Ah! prove for once Sir Gregory's friend,
And aid his ſtraying wit;—
So ſhall th'unmanner'd laughers ceaſe,
And he have leiſure thus in peace
To watch, and vote for PITT.

So like BEAUFORT, ſhall he declaim,
And pour along the tinkling ſtream
Of elocution bland,
His graceful perſon rais'd to view,
The ruffle ſeen——of whiteſt hue——
From Lady TURNER's hand.

Then Goddeſs—if intent to charm,
Thou e'er aſſumeſt a mortal form,
And call'ſt at Portland place,
There a rich offering ſhall be thine,
Rich—from my Lady's taſte and mine,
A ſuit of Flander's lace.

There

There shall thy vot'ry own thy praise,
 To thee the grateful altar raise,
 And there the incense burn ;
 When he can ridicule defy,
 And 'scape th'insulting keen reply,
 He'll laugh then—in his turn.

The Honorable Baronet was not contented with delivering this elegant production, but he insisted also on reading it to the company. The second stanza was scarce finished, when Mr. *Dundas*, who sat behind him, laughed, and then threw the blame on an unfortunate *parrot*, which was placed in the corner of the room. The Baronet proceeded---another titter ensued---and the blame again fell on the same culprit. A third interruption having taken place, Sir *Gregory* flew into a rage,---would certainly have wrung its neck off the unfortunate *parrot*, if Mr. *Wilkes* had not good-naturedly interfered, archly observing at the same time,---“ that it was a pity there should be any dispute, where the *nature* of both parties was so perfectly *congenial*!”

E X T R A C T S,

No. VI.

F R O M T H E

A L B U M *at* S T R E A T H A M.

WE should extend these extracts too far, if we were to give in detail the various contributions which were successively inserted in the ALBUM;----nor would the public derive much entertainment from perusing a description of the Scotch Boroughs by Mr. *Dundas*,----though written in the style of *McPherson*, and elucidated into obscurity by the profound notes of his friend Mr. *Ilay Campbell*---we beg his pardon---by the eloquent Lord Advocate of Scotland.

Yet, that curiosity may not be entirely ungratified, we shall subjoin a short extract, copied *literatim* from the text of the Right Honorable Writer,

F.

“ Dark

" Dark was the mornæ, and loering loked the sun on the ungeelded hills. Bleak was the blast which came wheeftling fræ the North, and howled in the face of Hanry, journeying o'er the plains of Fife."

" The chief of the eager eye, loked aroound for a timous shelter, but Defolation had there taken her abode. He sought e'en a friendly tree, but soon he bo'od his sorrowing head---for not a tree was to be found."

" The sun was hid behind a wat'ry cloud---but bright was the sun, and gladsome was the cloud, when compared to the face of Hanry."

" The angry spirit of the waters poured cataracts fræ the skies, and streamed in dark torrents adoon the heath clad mounts. The wanderer still sped him onward;---tho' oft, striking against the pointed rock he fell, and as he fell the *bawbees* rattled in his pocket."

" Yet sweeter was this desolation to the soul of Hanry, than *aw* the gauds of soothern cleernates.--- The sun at length unveiled his golden veefage, and the hopes of the chief were brightened with the view:---rude tho' the prospect lay, his soul was cheered, and he *strod* along rejoicing in the scene."

The

The *learned* Annotator on this sublime description, adds for the information of posterity, that the above passage alludes to an incident which occurred to Mr. *Dundas* himself in his late visit to *Scotland*, and quotes his countryman Mr. *Boswell*, Sir *John Hawkins*, &c. in proof that *great men* may be allowed to narrate *little things*, particularly of themselves. The mention of the "*barbees*," his Lordship speaks of as a most beautiful instance of what may be called the *minute descriptive*; and from the epithet "*whistling*," applied to the winds, he remarks, rather inappositely we must confess, that his Right Honorable friend is passionately fond of *music*; and that he is not only partial to his national music, played on that bewitching instrument the *bagpipe*, but speaks also with rapture of the *notes* of *Signor Rumboldi*, a *foreign composer*!

From the same principle of brevity, though we greatly felicitate ourselves on the copiousness of our fund---we shall pass over---an ADDRESS to MERCURY, as the patron of *thieving* and *horse racing*, by by his Grace the Duke of *Queensberry*;---the *Orators*, a *Rhapsody*, by the Right Hon. the Earl of *Abingdon*;---and the TRIUMPH of the GRACES, a *Cantata*, though written with some luxuriance, and much appropriation, by Lord *Mulgrave*.

The next production which demands our notice, was occasioned by an event rather unexpected at *Streatham*:---we mean a visit from Lord *Westcote* and Mr. *Minchin*. These twin-models of firmness and integrity were received with his usual politeness, by the owner of the mansion; but Mr. *Pitt* was observed, immediately on their entrance, to *shuffle* out of the room with infinite *dexterity*. They received several compliments on their *conversion*, which a wicked wit---we believe it was Mr. *Wilkes*---compared to that of St. *Paul*.---To perpetuate the memory of this *glorious* event, it was agreed to celebrate it by the following Ode. Mr. *Rose* furnished the *music*. The poetry was contributed by the parties undermentioned.

O D E,

O D E.

STROPHE the First.---LORD WESTCOTE,

Janus! attend thy vot'ry's pray'r!
 Bring with thee all the changeful powers,
 That rule the variegated hours,
 And, versatile themselves,—make such their care;
 Come from thy darksome cells,
 Where the *Camelion* dwells,
 Reflecting, at thy feet, his varied rays.
 Do thou inspire the Muse,
 Whatever strain she chuse,
 To thank this chosen few;
 Teach us to pour the ardent lay
 Which haply may repay
 For their protecting smiles, the tribute due.
 Then stern CONTEMPT shall hiss in vain,
 Or GRATITUDE complain,
 And HONOUR's voice be lost in SYDNEY's praise.

CHORUS,

C H O R U S,

*Accompanied alternately by Kettle-drums and the Flute
obligato.*

Hushed be the seas
Whilst Wescote strifes the lyre,
And in changeful lays,
Yet to the subject true,
We—as 'it is due——
With general voice proclaim his praise.

ANTISTROPHE the First.---Mr. MINCHIN.

'Tis done—the inspiration comes ;
I feel,—I feel the genial flame.
Let trumpets sound and kettle drums,
Whilst I proclaim
That PITT and *Prudence* are the same.
Long enrolled in weakened numbers,
Wrapt in deep politic slumbers,
I vainly thought—INTEGRITY was *Fame*.
The generous impulse long I thought to share,
When Prudence * pluck'd me by the ear,
And pointed to the Treasury Gate,
Where jests and smiles prevail within,
The gratulation bland—the chuckling grin.
—Without——pale Envy sighs,
And Hunger stares with eager eyes,
And Discontent and poor Dependence wait.

* *Aurem vellit, et admonuit.*

VIRG.

Then

Then by the offices you bear,
 By all the sweets of Patronage and Place,
 Indulge us with a share,
 And take repentant sinners into grace.
 Take —————
 Take us but *in*——we care not how or where.

STROPHE the Second.---LORD MULGRAVE.

Revolving in mine alter'd soul
 The various turns of fate below,
 From this firm breast a sigh now stole,
 And tears began to flow.
 Thinking—Ah ! lamentable case,
 I might perchance, like you, be out of place ;
 Then come *regenerate* sons of Grace,
 Behind the Treasury Bench ye both shall sit,
 And own the *saving* powers of Pitt ;
 There to forget the wars you erst did wage,
 When the snug sinecure quells you patriot rage,
 And glad Expectancy shall end in place.

ANTISTROPHE the Second.---MR. WILBERFORCE.

Now strike the changing lyre again,
 A louder——yet a louder strain !
 Thus should we celebrate the festive day,
 And the event which brings our joy,
 So Fox and *Friendship* shall in vain essay
 The impulse strong of interest to destroy.

Now

Now bold Corruption high shall lift her head,
Whilst Honor sickens—Gratitude lies dead

Let Eloquence pour forth her lore,
And lead Conviction in her train,—

Let virtue try her energetic pow'r,
On SOULS resolv'd like *these*, their efforts must be vain:

EXTRACTS,

E X T R A C T S,

No. VII.

F R O M T H E

A L B U M *at* S T R E A T H A M.

THE performance of the preceding Ode was received with as awful a silence as the reception of the noble and honorable poets was marked with distant and ceremonious respect. Lord *Westcote* having approached Lord *Mulgrave* for the purpose of holding some *confidential* chat, the *urfine* countenance of the latter,---though some may doubt the fact,---actually took a more repulsive form!---the trembling convert bowed and retreated with precipitation. Mr. *Minchin* drew near Lord *Sydney* with a similar intent; but his Lordship's countenance---like *spectres* extending themselves before they disappear,---grew in an instant so enormously long, that, though a Colonel of Militia, Mr. *Minchin* was struck with terror!---In vain they addressed themselves to all
G
around:

around. Mr. *Arden* turned up his nose in contempt ; and Mr. *McDonald* closed his *penetrating* eyes, as if overtaken by an untimely slumber. They could not obtain a glance from the *all-surveying Jack Wilkes*, nor a syllable even from the *garrulity* of Sir *George Howard*. They were therefore compelled with much reluctance to retire, and were attended to their carriage only by the hospitable owner of the mansion.

As soon as the Premier was informed of their departure, he re-entered the drawing-room, and the conversation took its wonted turn.---The *Attorney-general* was called on for his poetic contribution, which he at first declined, as being without a *Precedent* ; but being afterwards prevailed on, he penned with much facility some dozen *Hudibrastic* lines ; but as the introductory part, consisted merely of compliments to his associates, who are beyond all praise, we have selected the following lines from the conclusion :

*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*

In flowing verse for me t'exhibit,
 Would ask an high poetic gibbet ;
 To *legal* fictions still devoted,
 Nought else of mine shall e'er be quoted.

Convinced

Convinced I should, till I were weary,
 The Muses call by—*Certiorari*;
 Nor would *nine* writs of *Fieri facias*,
 Make the coy nymphs, a whit more gracious.
 As soon shall *Kenyon* give good cheer,
 Or Sir *John Miller* charm each ear;
 As soon shall *Wilkes* not look askance,
 Or father * *Bootle* hornpipes dance;
 As soon shall *Pitt* grow fond of Woman,
 Or *Beaufoy* speak in accents human;
 Sooner shall *Stanhope* cease his din,
 Or Raven *Watson* learn to sing,
 Than I, forgetting briefs and fees,
 In poetry shall aim to please;
 Or quitting more substantial fare,
 Lift with the muse, and live on air.

Though the *modesty* of this learned gentleman thus declines the toils and honors of Parnassus, we are certain that from the above specimen, many of our readers will be found to regret his determination, and to exclaim nearly in the language applied to a noble Lord of the same profession,

“ How smart a *Poet*, was in PEPPER lost ?

G 2

The

* *Wilbraham Bootle*, Esq; M. P. who has the honor of calling the learned writer son-in-law, weighs about 18 stone.

The next application was made with more success to Major *Scott*, whose excellence at puff, pamphlet, or paragraph, epigram, or essay, sonnet, or satyr, were too well known to admit of any excuse;---the Major pleaded however his lowness of spirits, the situation of his friend Mr. *Hastings*, and the anxiety which he had so long felt on that occasion, adding in the language of the poet,

“ What mourner ever felt poetic fires ? ”

But being reminded that elegy or epigram were equally acceptable, and that each person was at liberty to indulge the mirthful mood, or the emotions of his sensibility, the Major sat down, and with his usual fluency produced the following

STANZAS.

S T A N Z A S.

Great HASTINGS ! for whom Britain now prepares
 To praise thy conduct, or condemn thy wars ;
 Thou ! who on Coromandel's swarthy coast,
 Of *Rajahs* humbled at thy feet could boast ;
 Of kneeling *Nabobs*---then neglected things ;
 Of prostrate *Viziers*---tributary kings !
 Is there an hapless hour reserved for me,
 To sing thy lot in strains unworthy thee ?
 In phrases like thine own could I relate,
 The various turns of unexpected fate !
 The world th'unfollied GOVERNOR in thee,
 The perfect POET should behold in me.
 Yet 'round thy with'ring honors let me twine,
 To thee my rise was due,---my griefs be also thine.

II.

Thou *orient* EAGLE ! aided by whose flight,
 SCOTT---wren obscure---first saw the realms of light ;
 STAR of the *Morning*, whose wide spreading rays,
 Bade Asia's fallow tribes with terror gaze,
 Whose lustrous beams o'er secret treasures pour'd,
 Affrighted *Nizams*, or on *Begums* lour'd.
 Shorn of those beams---in gloomy eclipse cast,
 " Are all thine honors come to this at last ?"
 Where now the crouded suitors at thy gate,
 The *Salams* * paid to oriental state ?

Thy

* The eastern salutation.

Thy * *Vakeels*, † Harcarrahs, ‡ Huccabadors,
 And all the luxuries of distant shores?
 All, all are fled!--there now no pomps await,
 No eager suitors throng thy op'ning gate;
 Yet round thy with'ring honors shall I twine,
 To thee my rife was due---my griefs be also thine.

III.

I view'd thee late--how fatal was the view?
 Kneel at the bar, and scarce could think 'twas you!
 I saw the crouded rows in solemn state,
 And awful judgment sit on HASTING's fate,
 Tho' Beauty, in each form she could assume,
 Smil'd o'er the scene, and half dispell'd its gloom;
 Yet no relief to me could beauty give,
 No kind consolement could my heart receive.
 At each harangue, I saw thine alter'd eye,
 And my breast struggled with the full reply;
 But, ah! my friend--no Manager was I!
 For IMPEY tho' the tear mine eye still pours,
 Our useful IMPEY!--prior claims are yours.
 Then round thy with'ring honors still I'll twine,
 To thee my rife was due--my griefs be also thine.

IV.

But, ah! my sympathy can nought avail,
 Whilst rig'rous statutes purge the general weal.
 Adjur'd by Eloquence thy victims rife,
 And bleeding stand confefs'd to British eyes:

Their

* Stewards or Agents.

† Sedan-bearers.

‡ Persons who supply and manage the enormous tobacco-pipes
 used in India.

Their dark foul wrongs the sorrowing BEGUMS speak,
And blach the rubies of each beauteous cheek.

—Then say, one ray of hope dost thou retain,
And think'st thou these appeals can all prove vain?

Yes! Though whole nations shall thy deeds revile,
Still shalt thou find relief in THURLOW's smile;

Perchance with him in gloomy triumph share,
And see their prayers for justice—lost in air!

So shalt thou still on iv'ry beds repose,
And hidden BULSES long-lost rays disclose.

Then round thy leafy honors shall I twine,—

To thee my rife was due—my joys shall then be thine.

The beauties of those Stanzas are sufficiently obvious;—the *orientalism* of some passages, the *pathos* of the whole, and above all the *gratitude* of the honorable writer, must be of themselves too impressive to require any comment or elucidation.

The *Editor* of the ALBUM has now to announce to his readers,---what he is certain must strike them with infinite concern---that the remaining parts of that inestimable work have suddenly and unaccountably disappeared!---Whether they have evaporated *in fumo* with the official records at the India House against Sir *Elijah Impey*, or have been stolen like the Great Seal by the flagitious instruments of opposition

position;---whether they repose with the *eloquence* of Sir *Joseph Mawbey*, the *truth* of Mr. *Bankes*, or the *modesty* of Mr. *Grenville*, are all questions beyond his power to determine. He is therefore compelled reluctantly to conclude, though not without expressing his sense of the approbation with which he has been received.

T H E
B U L S E,
A
PINDARIC ODE.

STROPHE the First.

WHENCE upon the dazzled sight,
Beams the strong reflected light?
Whence proceed those lucid rays,
'That on the bard's rapt fancy blaze;
It is! it is!—the well-known *Bulse*,
Sent to feel the Royal pulse—
To fire the poet's brain,
To call his ardent strain:
And tune his honor'd lyre
To mortal lays—that never shall expire,
The while it sheds its lustre o'er the cheek of Night.

ANTISTROPHE the First.

Hail brightest gem of orient birth!
Happiest produce of the earth!
Yet happier, brighter far thy present state;
Doom'd to charm a monarch's eye,
Who aided by thy magnifying power
Another *Herschel*!—can espy
In *Hastings*' conduct all that's good and great.
Whilst viewing thee
With ceaseless glee,
In solitude he spends the grateful hour.

H

EPODE

E P O D E the First.

Yet are not thy charms confin'd
 To Royal GEORGE's eye or mind,
 Thou Talisman of more than magic force ;
 For peerless *Jenky* *—back-stair wight,
 Anxious to behold thy light,
 Gently creeping,
 Slily peeping,
 In practis'd paces to the closet stole.
 Propitious Fate in time direct his course——
 The monarch to his favorite's fight
 Displays thy charms, and agitates his soul.

S T R O P H E the Second.

Swift his fancy onward flies,
 Like meteors through the skies :
 And to thy native spot his vision bears,
 There shapes a different form assume,——
 Imaginary harvests bloom,
 And war's loud tumults seem,—the Music of the Spheres.
 The " Oppressor's wrong"—the Matron's woe—
 The Virgin's tears—fell Rapine's blow——
 The sacred Robe of Justice all conceals,
 Whilst o'er each sense thy wond'rous radiance steals.
 Extatic dreams his soul possessed,
 For lo ! there shines upon his breast

* The hypercritical reader may perhaps think this appellation somewhat beneath the dignity of the Ode ; but as in our opinion, there is as little honour in *another* name, we have chosen that by which the party is best known.

A STAR *ideal* of thy fragments made,
 When by the artist's cautious hand,
 At sovereign G——'s dread command,
 Thy polish'd worth is to the world display'd.

ANTISTROPHE the Second.

Hence results the mighty change——
 Hence his glowing fancy burns——
 And hence his thoughts with wond'rous range,
 O'er Peers and Commoners revolve by turns.
 He sees the fluent, *placid*, Sydney, bow,
 And looks to *sapient Carmarthen's* aid——
 Peruses *Lansdown's* dark *ambiguous* brow——
 And as a favorite is the B——p's G——
 To *Canterbury* gives the nod,
 And sees the *mitred* corps with pliant haste array'd.
 Then backward bids obedient memory run,
 To view the *Major's* fond assiduous pains,
 And mark the mighty things he would have done,
 If niggard Nature had but given him—brains ;
 Pity dropping from his eyes,
Nicholls next he sees arise,
 Dull “ as the weed that roots on *Lethe's* shore ;”
 And *Burges*, with complacent grin,
 Still th'eternal nonsense spin,
 And rival * *Campbell* in somnific power,
 Whilst *sage Macdonald* martyrs *Hastings's* cause,
 And owls exulting hoot the fit applause.

With

* The present L——d A—— of *Scotland*, a gentleman as remarkable for political *acumen*, as his predecessor had been for *modest consistency*, and who sometimes actually escapes without disapprobation in the H—— of C—— because he is not *heard*.

E P O D E the Second,

In extacy, thus *Jenky's* soul,
 Ranged thro' the circle of his power,
 Whilst the monarch's optics roll,
 And fix alternate on the gem,
 Fated to grace his diadem.
 With splendor Eastern * *Nizams* never knew ;
 With brilliance to make German cousins stare,
 And light each scene from *Buckingham* to *Kew*. —
 When Justice from her sphere descending,
 Majesty with Anger blending,
 Appeared before the contemplative pair ;
 At her approach the Gem no longer bright,
 Dimm'd by superior radiance falls unseen,
 The Monarch looked a broader stare,
 A fallow paleness marked the favorite's fright,
 And stern Conviction chased them from the scene.

* When the celebrated subject of this Ode was first presented,
 some ingenious gentlemen feigned that it came from the Nizam
 of the Decan : but this must have been a falshood, for it was
never believed at Court.

J E K Y L L,

T H E

J E K Y L L,

A

POLITICAL ECLOGUE.

(BY THE AUTHORS OF THE ROLLIAD, &c.)

J E K Y L L, the wag of Law, the scribler's pride,
CAME to the Senate sent, when TOWNSEND dy'd.
So LANSDOWN will'd—the old hoarse rook at rest.
A *jack-daw phoenix* chatters from his nest.
Statesman, and Lawyer now, with clashing cares
The important youth roams thro' the Temple-squares.
Yet stays his step, where with congenial play
The well-known fountain babbles day by day :
The little fountain !—whose restricted course,
In low faint Essays owns its shallow source :
There, to the tinkling jet, he tun'd his tongue,
While *Lansdown's* fame, and *Lansdown's* fall he sung.

“ Where

“ Where were our friends, when the remorseless crew
 “ Of felon Whigs,—great *Lansdown*’s pow’r o’erthrew ?
 “ For neither then within *St. Stephen*’s wall
 “ Obedient *Westcote* hail’d the Treasury-call ;
 “ Nor Treachery then had branded *Eden*’s fame,
 “ Or taught mankind the miscreant *Minchin*’s name.
 “ Joyful no more—(tho’ *Tommy* spoke so long !)
 “ Was high-born *Howard*’s cry, or *Powney*’s prating tongue.
 “ Vaid was thy roar. *Mabon* !—tho’ loud and deep ;
 “ Nor our own *Gilbert* could be rouz’d from sleep.
 “ No bargain yet the tribe of *Phipps* had made ;
 “ *Lansdown* ! you fought in vain ev’n *Mulgrave*’s aid :
 “ *Mulgrave*—at whose harsh scream, in wild surprize
 “ The *speechless* Speaker lifts his drowsy eyes.
 “ Ah ! hapless day ! still as thy hours return,
 “ Let Jesuits, Jews, and sad Dissenters mourn :
 “ Each Quack, and sympathizing juggler groan,
 “ While bankrupt brokers echo moan for moan.
 “ Oh ! much lov’d Peer ! my Patron ! Model ! Friend !
 “ How does thy alter’d state my bosom rend !
 “ Alas ! the ways of Courts are strange, and dark !
 “ *Pitt* scarce would make thee now a Treasury-Clerk !”

Stung with the maddening thought—his griefs, his fears,
 Dissolve the plaintive Counsellor in tears.

“ How oft (he cries) has wretched *Lansdown* said——
 “ Curs’d be the toilsome hours by statesmen led !
 “ Oh ! had kind Heaven ordain’d my humbler fate,
 “ A Country Gentleman’s—of small estate !
 “ With *Price* and *Priestley* in some distant grove,
 “ Blest I had led the lowly life I love.
 “ Thou, *Price* ! had deign’d to calculate my flocks !
 “ Thou, *Priestley* ! sav’d them from the lightning’s shocks !

“ Unknown

“ Unknown the storms and tempests of the state,
 “ Unfelt the mean ambition to be great,
 “ In *Bowwood's* shade had past my peaceful days,
 “ Far from the Court and its delusive ways.
 “ The crystal brook my beverage ; and my food
 “ Hips—cornels—haws—and berries of the wood.

“ Blest Peer ! eternal wreaths adorn thy brow,
 “ Thou Cincinnatus of the British plough !
 “ But rouze again thy talents and thy zeal ;
 “ Thy Sovereign sure must wish thee Privy Seal.
 “ Or what—if from the Seals thou art debarr'd ?
 “ *Chandos* at least he might for thee discard.
 “ Come, *Lansdown* ! come—thy life no more thy own ;—
 “ Oh ! brave again the smoke and noise of town :
 “ For Britain's sake, the weight of greatness bear,
 “ And suffer honors thou art doom'd to wear.
 “ To thee, her Princes, lo ! where *India* sends,
 “ All *Benfield's* here,—and there all *Hastings's* friends :
 “ *Macpherson*—*Wraxall*—*Sullivan* behold !
 “ Call---*Barwell*---*Middleton*—with heaps of gold :
 “ *Rajabs*—*Nabobs*---from *Oude*---*Tanjore*---*Arcot*,
 “ And see ! (nor oh ! disdain him) *Major Scot* !
 “ Ah ! give the *Major* but one gracious nod !
 “ Ev'n *Pitt* himself once deign'd to court the *Squad* !
 “ Oh, be it theirs, with more than patriot heat,
 “ To snatch thy virtues from their lov'd retreat,
 “ Drag thee reluctant to the haunts of men,
 “ and make thee Minister !——Oh God ! but when ?”

Thus

Thus mouru'd the youth---'till sunk in pensive grief,
 He woo'd his handkerchief for soft relief;
 In either pocket, either hand he threw;
 When lo! from each a precious tablet flew.
 'Thus---his sage patron's wond'rous speech on trade!
 This---his own book of sarcasms, ready made!
 Tremendous book!---thou motley magazine
 Of stole severities, and pilter'd spleen!
 Oh! rich in ill! ---within thy leaves entwin'd,
 What glittering adders lurk to sting the mind!
 Satire's Museum---with Sir *Ashton's* lore,
 The Naturalist of malice, eyes thy store;
 Ranging with fell *Virtu* his poisonous tribes
 Of embryo sneers, and animalcule gibes.
 Here insect puns their feeble wings expand,
 To speed, in little flights, their Lord's command;
 There, in their paper chrysalis, he sees,
 Specks of bon mots, and eggs of repartees.
 In modern spirit ancient wit he sleeps;
 If not its gloss, the reptile's venom keeps:
 Thy quaintness, *Dunning*; --but without thy sense,
 And just enough of *Bearcroft*, for offence.

On these lov'd leaves a transient glance he threw;
 But weightier themes his anxious thoughts pursue:
 Deep senatorial pomp intent to reach,
 With ardent eyes he hangs o'er *Lansdown's* speech:
 Then loud the youth proclaims the enchanting words,
 That charm'd the noble natures of the Lords.
 "Lost and obscur'd in *Borwood's* humble bow'r,
 "No party-tool---no candidate for pow'r,---
 "I come, my Lords---an Hermit from my cell,
 "A few blunt truths in my plain style to tell.

" Highly

“ Highly I praise your late commercial plan ;
 “ Kingdoms should all unite---like man and man :
 “ The *French* love peace ; ambition they detest ;
 “ But *Cherburg*’s frightful works deny me rest.
 “ With joy I see now wealth for Britain shippid :
 “ *Lisbon*’s a froward child---and should be whipp’d :
 “ Yet *Portugal*’s our old and best Ally !
 “ And *Gallic* faith is but a slender tie.
 “ My Lords !---the Manufacturer’s a fool !
 “ The Clothier too knows nothing about wool !
 “ Their interests still demand your constant care ;
 “ Their fears are mine---their griefs are my despair.
 “ My Lords ! my soul is big with dire alarms :
 “ *Turks*---*Germans*---*Russians*---*Prussians*---all in arms !
 “ A noble Pole---(I’m proud to call him friend !)
 “ Tells me of things---I cannot comprehend.
 “ Your Lordship’s hairs would stand an end, to hear
 “ My last dispatches from the Grand Vizier.
 “ The fears of *Dantzic*---Merchants can’t be told :
 “ Accounts from *Cracow*---make my blood grow cold.
 “ The state of *Portsmouth*, and of *Plymouth* Docks,
 “ Your trade---your taxes---army---navy---stocks,---
 “ All haunt me in my dreams :---and, when I rise,
 “ The Bank of England scares my opening eyes.
 “ I see---I know some dteadful storm in brewing,
 “ Arm all your coasts---your navy is your ruin.
 “ I say it still :--- (but let me be believ’d)
 “ In *this* your Lordships have been much deceiv’d.
 “ A noble Duke affirms I like his plan :
 “ I never *did*, my Lords---I never *can*.
 “ Shame on the slanderous breath ! which dares instill
 “ That I, who now condemn, advis’d the ill.

- “ Plain words, thank Heaven ! are always understood ;
 “ I *could* approve, I said---but not I *would*.
 “ Anxious to make the noble Duke content,
 “ My view was just to seem to give consent,
 “ While all the world might see that nothing less was meant.”

While *Jekyll* thus the rich exhaustless store
 Of *Lansdown's* rhetorick ponders o'er and o'er ;
 And, wrapt in happier dreams of future days,
 His patron's triumphs in his own surveys ;
 Admiring barristers in crouds resort,
 From Figtree---Brick---Hare---Pump---and Garden Court ;
 Anxious they gaze, and watch with silent awe
 The motley son of politics and law.

Meanwhile, with softest smiles and courteous bows,
 He, graceful bending, greets their ardent vows.

- “ Thanks, generous friends ! (he cries) kind Templars,
 “ thanks !

“ Tho' now, with *Lansdown's* band pour *Jekyll* ranks,

“ Think not, he wholly quits black-letter cares :

“ Still, still the Lawyer with the Statesman shares.

“ But see ! the shades of night o'er spread the skies !

“ Thick fogs and vapours from the *Thames* arise !

“ Far different hopes our separate toils inspire ;

“ To parchment, you, and precedent retire !

“ With deeper bronze your darkest looks imbrown,

“ Adjust your brows for the demurring frown ;

“ Brood o'er the fierce rebutters of the bar,

“ And brave the issue of the gowned war.

“ Me, all unpractis'd in the bashful mood,

“ Strange novice thoughts, and alien cares delude ;

“ Yes, modest Eloquence ! ev'n I must court

“ For once, with mimic vows, thy coy support.

“ Oh !

“ Oh ! wou’dst thou lend the semblance of thy charms !
“ Feign’d agitations, and assum’d alarms,
“ ’Twere all I’d ask !—but for one day alone
“ To ape thy downcast look—thy suppliant tone ;—
“ To pause—and bow with hesitating grace,—
“ Here try to falter—there a word misplace ;
“ Long banished blushes this pale cheek to teach,
“ And act the miseries of a maiden speech !”

JOURNAL

OF THE

Right Hon. HENRY DUNDAS.

October, 1787.

TOLD the Chairman the Company had long been in want of four regiments of King's forces—said it was the first he had heard of it—told him he must require them as absolutely necessary for the safety of India—the man appeared staggered, reminded me of my usual caution; grumbled out something about recruits being cheaper; muttered that I expected too much from him, and talked of preserving
ap-

appearances.—Called him a fool, and ordered him to do as he was bid.

October, November, December, January.—Employed in disputes with those damned fellows the Directors—would not have my regiments—told them they must—swore they would not—believe the Chairman manages very badly—threatened to provide transports, to carry out the troops at the Company's expence—found afterwards I had no right—ordered PITT to bring in a Declaratory Bill !

February 25th—Bill brought in—badly drawn—turn away RUSSEL, and get another Attorney General—could not make MULGRAVE speak—don't see what use he's of.

March 3d.—Bill read a second time—SHERIDAN very troublesome—much talk about the constitution—with PITT would not let people wander so from the question.

March 5th.—Bill in a Committee—Members begin to smell mischief—don't like it—PITT took fright and shammed sick—was obliged to speak myself—resolved to do it once for all—spoke four hours—so have done my duty, and let PITT now get out of the scrape as well as he can.

March 7th.—PITT moved to recommit the bill—talked about checks and the constitution—believe he's mad. Got into a damned scrape about cotton—second time I've been detected—won't speak any more.—N. B. Not to let BARING come into the Direction again. Fox spoke—PITT could not answer him, and told the House he was too hoarse—forgot at the time to disguise his voice.

March 9th.—Got THURLOW to dine with us at *Wimbledon*—gave him my best Burgundy and Blasphemy, to put him into good humour.—After a brace of bottles, ventured to drop a hint of business—THURLOW damned me, and asked PITT for a sentiment—PITT looked foolish—GRENVILLE wise—MULGRAVE stared—SYDNEY's chin lengthened—tried the effects of another bottle.—PITT began a long speech about the subject of our meeting—SYDNEY fell asleep by the fire—MULGRAVE and GRENVILLE retired to the old game of the board, and played push-pin for ensigncies in the new corps—GRENVILLE won three.—Mem.—To punish their presumption, will not let either of them have one.

THURLOW very queer.—He swore the bill is absurd, and my correspondence with those
curfed

curfed Directors damned ftupid.—However will vote and fpeak with us—PITT quite fick of him—fays, he growls at every thing, propofes nothing, and fupports any thing.

N. B. Muft look about for a new Chancellor; SCOTT might do, but cants too much about his independence and his confcience—what the devil has he to do with independence and confcience—befides he has a fnivelling trick of retracting when he is caught in a lie—hate fuch puling fellows—GEORGE HARDING much better—muft try him tho'—will order him to fpeak on Wednesday.

Took PITT to town in my chariot—drove to Berkeley-ftreet—got PITT to the door, but he would not come in—lounged an hour with CHARLOTTE—promifed her a company in one of the new regiments for a difbanded private of the Horfe Guards.—Why not order the whole houfe to be qualified at DRUMMOND's, and charge it to the Company's fecret fervice?

March 10th. Sent for TWINING—when he came, had by me a large bafon of his SOUCHONG—drank it without a wry face—the moft naufeous black draught I ever fwallowed—fware it was excellent—quoted a fentence from Cicero, which I got from PRETTYMAN
for

for the occasion—promised to put **TWINING** on my House-list next year, give him one of the Chairs, and put the Tea-Trade under the Secret Committee;—**TWINING** to procure a requisition for a General Court—gave him hints for a speech—to abuse **BARING** damnably.

Called at **WHITEHALL**—took away the last letters from **CORNWALLIS**, that **PITT** may not see them before they are *properly copied* out by my private Secretary—Left orders for **PITT** and **SYDNEY** to follow me to my house, where they would find my dispatches for India ready for signing.

March 11.—Dined with the **DIRECTORS**—almost too late;—*London Tavern* not near enough.—Mem. to order the Directors in future always to dine in my neighbourhood, and allow them to charge the additional coach-hire to the Company—Why not buy a *long stage* to carry them about wherever I may want them?

PITT frightened when we got into the City, lest the mob should hiss—talked about *Grocers' Hall* and better times;—asked me if I was not glad they were going to pull down *Temple-bar*, and hoped there would be no further occasion for it. Tried to prevent his being melancholy—threw a shilling among the blackguards—

would not do—no huzzaing.—N. B. Not to forget to make the Chairman repay me, the money being disbursed in the Company's service.

Got to the LONDON TAVERN at fix. Drew up my Commissioners in the passage, and gave them their orders—told PITT to follow next to me, and bid MULGRAVE speak in his upper voice, and be affable.—Tried to laugh as we entered the room—MULGRAVE put us out by one of his growling sighs—damn the fellow! must get rid of him.—Told DEVAYNES to laugh for us all—did it well—make him Chairman next year.

Dinner good—don't see why we should not dine with them always.—N. B. Ordered twelve dozen of their claret to be carried to *Wimbledon*.—LUSHINGTON grumbled, and asked by what authority I did it?—A very troublesome fellow that—remove him.

PITT peevish and out of spirits; ordered MOTTEUX to sing a song—began "*Ab si vous pouviez comprendre.*" PITT turned red, and thought the Chairman alluded to some dark passages in the India Bill—endeavoured to pacify him, and told *the Secret Committee* to give us a soft air; they sung in a low voice "*the*
" *cause*

“ *cause I must not, dare not tell.*”—MANSHIP groaned, and drank Colonel CATHCART. By G—, if I thought he meant to betray me, I’d indict him for perjury !—Somebody struck up “ *if you trust before you try.*”—PITT asked if the Directors wished to affront him, and began a long harangue about his regard and friendship for the Company ;—*nine* Directors offered to swear for it—told them they need not—bowed, and thanked me.

LE MESURIER begged our attention to a little French Air, “ *Sous le nom de l’amitié en finesse on abonde*”—curfed *mal-a-propos*.

PITT swore he was insulted, and got up to go away. The Alderman, much terrified at what he had done, protested solemnly he meant no offence, and called God to witness, it was a very harmless song he learnt some time ago in *Guernsey*—Could not appease PITT—so went away with him, after ordering MULGRAVE not to let SYDNEY drink any more wine, for fear he should begin talking.

PITT desired the servants to put out the flambeaux, as we went through the city—(a sad coward !) asked me if I did not think Fox’s a very able speech—sighed, and said he had promised to answer it to-morrow—wished however

ever to do nothing in a hurry—expressed much diffidence in his own abilities, and paid me many compliments—thought I had a fine opportunity to shew my talents—assured me he should think nothing of waving *his* right to reply; and that he had not the least objection to letting *me* answer Fox—begged to decline the offer. N. B. He seemed very uneasy, and much frightened—never knew him *diffident* before—wish to-morrow was well over.

Came home—opened a bottle of champaigne which I brought in the carriage with me from the Directors' dinner—looked over my list of *levee* men—found nine field officers yet unprovided for.—Wrote to Ross, enclosing the copy of a letter to be sent to me from Lord C—LL—s, requiring more King's troops;—finished my bottle, and went to bed.

March 12.—Went to the levee—HE looked furly—would hardly speak to me—don't like him—must have heard that I can govern INDIA without consulting him.—Nothing ever escapes that *damned* fellow SHERIDAN!

Between four and five went to the House—worse than the levee—PITT would not speak, pretended it was better to wait for Fox—put

K

him

him in mind of the excuse he made at the end of the last debate, and his *promise* to answer *calumnies*—don't mind promises—a damned good quality that—but ought to consider his friends—GEO. HARDINGE spoke in consequence of my orders—forgot I was sitting below him—attacked Lord NORTH's administration—got into a cursed scrape with POWIS—won't do for the CHANCELLOR—why not try BURGESS?—SCOTT defended what he he had said in the last debate—made it worse than ever—quoted from DEBRETT's debates—talked about an *adder*—thought he was alluding to PITT—our lawyers somehow don't answer—ADAM and ANSTRUTHER worth them all—can't they be bought?—*Scotchmen!*—damned strange if they can't—Mem. to tell ROSE to sound them.

ADAM severe on me and the rest that have betrayed Lord NORTH—a general confusion all round PITT—no one to defend us—VILLIERS grinned—GRAHAM simpered—MULGRAVE growled—by G—d I believe PITT enjoyed it—always pleased when his friends get into a scrape.—Mem. to give him a lecture upon that.—MULGRAVE spoke at last—wish he'd held his tongue—SHERIDAN answered

swered him—improves every day—wish we had him—very odd so clever a fellow shouldn't be able to see his own interest—wouldn't venture on a reply myself, for fear of another lick from that clumsy boor Sir EDWARD ASTLEY—said my long speech was dull and tiresome—what's the matter with the fellow?—used to vote with us—believe LANSDOWN's got him.—Mem. to tell STEELE to look out for another Member for the county of Norfolk.

Jogged PITT—told him SHERIDAN's speech *must* be answered—said, *I* might do it then, for *he couldn't*—PULTENEY relieved us a little, pretending to be gull'd by the *checks*—too great nonsense to have any effect on the House—BASTARD forgot his last abuse of PITT, and talked again about confidence; but was against the Bill—what's confidence without a vote?—came to a division at last—better than the former—had whipped in well from SCOTLAND—the House seems tired—hope we shan't have much more of this.

Mem. to give orders to MANNERS to make a noise, and let no body speak on third reading—a very useful fellow that MANNERS—

does more good sometimes than ten speakers.

March 14th. God's infinite mercy be praised, AMEN! This is the last day that infernal DECLARATORY BILL stays in the House of Commons—as for the *Lords*—but that's no business of mine;—only poor SYDNEY!—Well—God bless us all—AMEN!

Got up and wrote the above, after a very restless night—went to bed again—but could not sleep—troubled with the *blue devils*—thought I saw POWIS—recovered myself a little, and fell into a slumber.—Dreamt I heard SHERIDAN speaking to me through the curtains—woke in a fright, and jumped out of bed.

Went down stairs—found some of the DIRECTORS waiting in the hall—*damned their bloods*, and told them this was all their doing—informed me a General Court was called by the enemy—bid them make such a noise, that nobody might be heard—DEVAYNES undertook it—ordered the SECRET COMMITTEE to stay, and sent the rest about their business.

After breakfast wrote to HAWK—Y, and begged his acceptance of a *Lieut. Colonelcy*,

2 Majorities, a Collectorship, 3 Shawls, and a piece of *India Muslin* for the young ladies—sent back one of the *Shawls*, and said he'd rather have another *Collector's place*—Damnation! but it must be so, or SYDNEY will be left to himself.—N. B. Not to forget THURLOW's *Arrack* and *Gunpowder Tea*, with the *India Crackers* for his children.

MULGRAVE called to know if I wanted him to speak to-day—told him not—had enough of him last time.

Went down to the House—ANSTRUTHER played the devil with all our *checks* and *guards*—serves us right for introducing such nonsense—GEORGE NORTH asked when I meant to open my budget—said, when the RAVENSWORTH arrives—pray God she be lost! Mem. When I do open my budget, to state all the accounts in *Tales*, *Pagados*, and *Moburs*—has a fine effect on the country gentlemen, and prevents many impertinent observations.

Waited very patiently for PITT's *promised answer* to Fox's *calumnies* till eight o'clock—fresh enquiries about it every minute—began to be very uneasy—saw OPPOSITION sneering—SHERIDAN asked PITT if he was *hoarse* yet—looked
exceed-

exceedingly foolish—pitied him, and, by way of relieving his awkward situation, spoke myself—made some of my boldest assertions—said a good thing about “*A Mare’s Nest*”—coined a few clauses, which I assured the House were in Fox’s Bill, and sat down with much applause—was afterwards unfortunately detected in every thing I had said, and universally scouted by all sides.—Mem. I should not have got into that scrape, if I had not tried to help a friend in distress.—N. B. Never to do it again—there’s nothing to be gained by it.

As soon as I recovered myself, asked PITT whether he really meant to answer Fox, or not.—Owned at last, with tears in his eyes, he could not muster courage enough to attempt it—sad work this!—N. B. Observed GRENVILLE made a note, that a man need not be an orator, to be *Chancellor of the Exchequer*—he seemed pleased with the precedent.

Nothing left for it but to cry *question!*—divided—only 54 majority—here’s a job!

SHERIDAN read a cursed malicious paper, in which he proved PITT an impostor; and that what Fox had openly demanded, the *Board of Control* had secretly stolen.—Brother Commissioners all turned pale—was obliged to

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rub

rub their noses with *Thieves Vinegar*, and then slunk out of the House as fast as I could.—
 N. B. Believe old PEARSON's a sneering son of a bitch—tried to whistle as I went through the lobby—asked me if I was unwell—dam his impudence.

Came home in a very melancholy mood—returned thanks in a short prayer for our narrow escape—drank a glass of brandy—confessed my sins—determined to reform, and sent to WILBERFORCE for a good book—a very worthy and religious young man that—like him much—always votes with us.

Was beginning to grow very dejected, when ROSE called to inform me of an excellent scheme about BANK STOCK—a snug thing, and not more than twenty in the secret—raised my spirits again—told the servant I would not trouble Mr. WILBERFORCE—ordered a bottle of best Burgundy—set to it with ROSE hand to fist—congratulated one another on having got the DECLARATORY BILL out of our House—and drank good luck to SYDNEY, and a speedy progress through the Lords.

F I N I S.

(55)



